

## **Sock It To Me (Expanded Version) by look\_turtles**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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**Characters:** Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Billy really likes Steve's uniform.

Spoilers for season three.

## Sock It To Me (Expanded Version)

### Author's Note:

- Inspired by [Sock It To Me](#) by [look\\_turtles](#).

Billy was at home working on his homework. The tv was on and provided background noise as he worked his way through his math problems.

He knew if he didn't get straight A's Neil would be pissed.

'Ahoy, there,' he heard a familiar voice. He looked up just in time to see Steve Harrington in a commercial for the new mall. He was wearing a stupid sailor outfit and Billy couldn't help but grin. This was going to be the gift that would keep on giving.

Harrington was wearing a blue shirt with a red handkerchief tied around his neck. A white sailor's hat with the words Ahoy written on the front sat on his head.

The next day, he saw Max sitting on the couch oiling the wheels of her skateboard and decided to put his plan into motion. He knew Neil would never let him go to the mall, he never let Billy go to the mall in California, but he never said Billy couldn't take Max to the mall.

'You wanna go to the mall?' Billy asked.

Max's head shot up and her eyes were wide. 'Really? What's the catch?'

'No catch. Can't a guy just do something nice.'

'You never have before, but I'll go as long as you promise not to leave me there.'

'Deal,' Billy said as he put his leather jacket on. It might be too hot for the coat, but it made him look good. Not that he was going to impress Harrington or anything.

Once they made it to the mall, they walked into the large building

and Billy was hit by the cool air of the air conditioning. There were lots of people milling around and music was playing on speakers above their heads.

‘Okay. There’s the deal. You can go anywhere you want, but if you’re not back by two o’clock you’ll have to get your ass back home by yourself. Got it?’ Billy said to Max.

Max just rolled her eyes. ‘Yeah. I’ll meet you by the fountain.’

He looked around the mall and noticed that a group of girls were laughing and pointing at him. He almost wanted to go up to them and see if he could get at least a hand job in the backseat of his car from one of them, but he was a man on a mission.

He look around until he saw the sign that said ‘Scoops Ahoy’ and walked into the ice cream shop.

Harrington was working the counter and seeing him in the uniform was even better in person. It was definitely going to be prime jerk off material.

Harrington had his head down and Billy came up to the counter.

‘Ahoy, what can I get for y...’ Harrington said as he lifted his head and his eyes went wide when he saw Billy standing there. ‘Damn it. What do you want, Hargrove?’

Billy grinned. ‘Gee I don’t know, maybe some ice cream.’

‘Fine, what flavour would you like?’

Billy looked through the glass countertop at the ice cream sitting in buckets. He didn’t really care what ice cream he got, he didn’t really like sweet things, but he wanted to draw it out as long as possible. Steve in the sailor suit was a dream come true. Harrington was squirming and tapping his fingers on the counter.

‘How about the Flying Dutchman?’

‘One scoop or two?’

'I think I'm a two scoop guy,' Billy said as he licked his lips.

'Fine just eat it and leave.'

Billy just grinned. If Harrington thought he was going to just eat and leave he was sadly mistaken.

Harrington scooped the chocolate ice cream into a cone and handed to Billy.

Billy took the cone and started licking the top scoop. Even though he didn't even like ice cream, he still let out a little moan and he swirled his tongue around the scoop like he was giving it a blowjob.

He kept eye contact with Harrington as he ate/blew the ice cream cone. At first Harrington's eyes went wide, then his cheeks turned pink as Billy's licked sickeningly sweet ice cream from his cone.

All too soon, he had eaten the whole cone.

'Thanks for the good time,' Billy said with a wink as he wiped his hand on a napkin.

Billy walked to the fountain with a spring in his step and saw that for once Max was waiting for him.

'Let's get out of here.'

As they walked back to the car, Max picked up a shopping bag.

'You buy something?' Billy asked.

'Not that you care but it's a gift for my mom's birthday.'

'You're right I don't care,' Billy said. He didn't know that Susan's birthday was coming up. He remembered once when he was a kid that he gave his mom a bunch of dandelions for her birthday and she treated them like real flowers instead of weeds. That was one of the few memories he had of his mom.

The memory made him feel strange and he had the urge to hit something. Instead, he got into his car and turned the radio up. As he

drove away from the mall with Max in the passenger seat, he beat his hands on the steering wheel to the tempo of the bass coming out of his radio.

Once home, he saw that Neil was already in his chair with several empty beer cans laying on the floor.

‘Where the hell have you been?!’ Neil bellowed from his chair.

‘I took Max to the new mall to buy a birthday gift for her mom, sir.’

Neil’s eyes narrowed. ‘Is that true, Max?’

‘Yep. Billy was really helpful,’ Max said and Billy was surprised. He half expected her to throw him under the bus, but even she knew not to piss off a drunk Neil.

He hurried to his room before Neil’s mood changed and he decided to smack Billy around.

He had more important things to do, namely to jerk off to Harrington in the sailor suit. He popped the button of his jeans and reached inside to give his already half hard cock a few strokes.

He made his way to his bed, shedding his jeans and underwear and laid down. He reached under his pillow and pulled out a tube of lube. Slicking up his hand, he stroked his cock as he pictured Harrington in his sailor suit.

‘Harrington’ dropped to his knees as Billy stroked himself.

He let out a groan as ‘Harrington’ took Billy’s cock into his mouth and began to suck. He tightened his grip and ‘Harrington’ took more of Billy’s cock into his mouth.

After several minutes, Billy felt his orgasm building and sped up his strokes. ‘Harrington’ hallowed his cheeks and Billy came all over his hand. He laid back as sweat cooled his skin. He hadn’t come that hard in a long time and to think he didn’t even like ice cream, but Harrington in the sailor suit was worth it.

Later that night, Billy walked into the kitchen to find Max sitting at

the kitchen table eating Oreo's.

He sat down next to her and snagged a cookie. They sat in silence for several moments. The only sounds were the ticking of Susan's cat clock and the crunch of cookies.

'I hate it when he drinks,' Max said after a while.

'Yeah,' Billy said because he hated when Neil drank too but it was just something he had to live with until he was old enough to move out. When he was younger, he wondered why his mom left, but now he just wondered why she didn't take him with her.

After a few days, he had an itch under his skin that could only be soothed by one thing. He took Max back to the mall and told her to get lost (he did give a few bucks). He made his way back to the ice cream shop and grinned when he saw that Harrington was working the counter.

'Ahoy,' Harrington said with a grimace when he saw Billy standing in front of him.

Billy thought about winding up Harrington with another ice cream blowjob, but he had a different kind of blowjob in mind.

'One scoop of vanilla.'

'Sure,' Harrington said as he scooped ice cream into a cone.

Billy took the cone and swirled his tongue around the ice cream.

After several licks that made Harrington blush, Billy said with a wink, 'If you want to find out what else my tongue can do meet me behind the mall in ten minutes.'

On his way out he threw his half eaten ice cream in the trash. He still couldn't stand the taste of ice cream, but it would be worth it if Harrington showed up.

After fifteen minutes of waiting, he was about ready to leave when Harrington showed up. Harrington looked blushful.

‘Sorry, I couldn’t leave until my break. Are you really going to... you know... is it was this just a way to beat me up?’

Billy looked him up and down. When his eyes landed on Harrington’s knee high white socks, Billy felt himself harden. They really showed off Harrington’s calves.

Billy smirked. ‘Nah no fighting but you’ll still end up wrecked. Let’s get this party started.’

Billy moved close to Harrington and pushed him up against a brick wall. Billy dropped to his knees and ran his hands across Harrington’s socks. The cotton fabric was rough. He noticed the large bulge in Harrington’s dark blue shorts and his mouth watered.

‘Just so we’re clear. If you tell anybody about this I’ll make your life hell.’

Harrington’s brow furrowed. ‘Who would I tell?’

Satisfied, Billy reached up and unbuttoned Harrington’s shorts and took out Harrington’s cock. Billy had seen his fair share of cocks, but Harrington was still impressive. It was thick and long and the head was a deep red.

He licked the tip and the salty taste of pre-come sat on his tongue. Harrington groaned above him.

Billy just grinned. The itch under his skin lessened as he took Harrington’s cock into his mouth and sucked.

Harrington’s hand came down and his fingers rested against Billy’s head. At first Billy thought that Harrington was going to hold Billy’s head so he could thrust into Billy’s mouth, it wouldn’t be the first time someone used Billy like that, but instead he just rested his hand on the back of Billy’s head.

Billy moved his head back and forth and Harrington’s cock slid in and out of his mouth.

Soon, Harrington said, ‘I’m going... I’m going to... fuck!’

Billy knew that Harrington was close and sucked hard. Harrington yelled as Billy's mouth was filled with salty come. After Harrington was done coming in Billy's mouth, Billy licked him clean and put Harrington's cock back inside his shorts.

Harrington slid down the wall he was up against. 'Do you want to... you know?' Harrington asked blushing.

'Nah. I'm good.'

'Oh, good. Does this mean you won't beat me up anymore?'

Billy took out a cigarette and lit it. He inhaled the smoke. 'I guess. I wouldn't want to ruin that pretty face.'

Steve smiled and Billy tried to not notice the way his brown eyes sparkled. 'Ok.'

'Don't you have to get back to work? Billy asked trying to ignore the strange feeling in his chest.

'Shit! I gotta go! See you later, Billy.'

As Steve walked away, Billy just sat there and smoked. He knew three things for certain. One: He wasn't going to hit Steve again. Two: Those knee high socks were like something out of porn and Three: Cock tasted a lot better than ice cream.

Over the following weeks, Billy sucked Steve's cock several times. He always made sure that Steve was in his uniform. The knee high socks had starred in more than one of Billy's wet dreams.

Now, he was sitting on his couch watching a ball game.

'Something happen?' Max asked when she came into the living room and saw Billy.

'Huh?'

'It's just you seem happier and not so much of a jerk.'

'Whatever. If you keep yapping during the game I'll show what kind



of a jerk I am,' Billy said as Max plopped down on the couch. She was grinning. He let her sit next to him.

The more Billy thought about it, the more he realised she was right and it was all Steve and his socks fault.

That night, Billy went over to Steve's house. Steve opened the door and his eyes went wide when he saw Billy standing there.

'Billy?! Is something wrong with Max?'

'Nah. She's good. Can I come in?'

'Yeah. Yeah. Sure come on in,' Steve moved out of the doorway and Billy walked into Steve house. The living room was like something you'd see in one of those home magazines. Everything was white and the couch looked like it had never been sat on.

'Is this just fun or something else to you?' Billy blurted out as the sight of Steve's living room made his skin crawl.

'What?! I don't know... I know it is just fun to you and... Damn it... I don't know.'

Billy ran his fingers through his hair. 'Damn if I know what this is.'

'Maybe we should do other things besides sex and see what this is.'

'Geez Steve. You make it sound like we should pick out China patterns.'

'Steve walked up to Billy and brushed their lips together.

Billy pulled Steve close and kissed him back. His hands came up to Steve's shoulders and his fingers brushed against the soft fabric of Steve's polo shirt.

Steve rested his hands on Billy's sides and his body was warm where he was pressed against Billy.

Billy deepened the kiss and Steve melted into him like a chick.

After a few moments, Billy needed to breath and broke the kiss. He rested his chin on Steve's shoulder and breathed in Steve's cool scent.

'Wow! That was great!' Steve exclaimed as he rubbed Billy's back.

'Yeah.'

'I guess this is more than sex, huh?' Billy asked as he brushed his lips against Steve's cheek.

'I guess. We can still have sex though?'

'Yeah. I wanna have sex now?'

'Sure only if you want.'

Very few people asked Billy what he wanted and it made him feel funny.

Steve took Billy's hand and lead him to the bedroom. That night, Steve gave Billy a sloppy blow job and afterward they just laid on Steve's bed and kissed while holding each other.

Weeks later, Billy was in Steve's room. Steve was wearing his uniform and his hard-on was tenting his ridiculous short.

Billy palmed his own hard-on.

'Can I fuck you?' Billy asked.

Steve dipped his head and his cheeks turned pink.

'Sure. Will it hurt?'

'Yeah but I'll try to make it as painless as possible.'

Steve started taking off his uniform and Billy licked his lips as Steve pale skin was revealed. He slid his shorts down his thighs and he reached to take his knee high socks off.

'Leave the socks on,' Billy said as he took off his own clothes.

They both stood in Steve room naked. Billy moved. He stood close to

Steve and pushed him until the back of Steve's knees hit the bed. Steve bounced when his butt hit the bed. Steve moved until he was laying on his bed flat on his back. Billy looked down at him and gave his own hard cock a few gentle strokes.

He went over to his discarded jeans and pulled out a tube of lube. Moving back to the bed, he climbed on top of it and moved between Steve's thighs. He put a pillow under Steve and slicked up his fingers.

He brushed one finger against Steve's hole and slowly slid his finger in and out of Steve's hole.

After a while, he added a second finger and Steve groaned.

'You like that?' Billy asked with a smirk.

'Oh, Yeah.'

'Just wait until you have my cock in you.'

Steve moaned.

Billy moved his fingers inside Steve and when he thought Steve's hole was loose enough he removed his fingers.

'You ready?' Billy asked.

'Yeah.'

Billy took Steve's sock covered legs and hooked them over his shoulders. The fabric was rough against his skin.

He lined up his cock with Steve's hole and slowly pushed his cock into Steve's hole. Steve was tight and Billy wanted nothing more than to be balls deep inside of him, but he knew he had to go slow.

Slowly he pushed his cock into Steve as Steve groaned. He pulled out and pushed back in, pushing his cock further into Steve each time.

After several strokes, he was all the way inside Steve. He pulled out a little and pushed in angling for Steve's prostate. Steve moaned when Billy hit his prostate.

Again and again he trust into Steve as Steve moaned and groaned.

‘Touch yourself,’ Billy said.

Steve stroked his hard cock and it wasn’t long before Steve was coming all over his hand.

Steve clinched around Billy’s cock and Billy came hard inside Steve.

Once he came down from his orgasm, Billy collapsed on top of Steve. Steve’s body was hot and sweaty and Billy couldn’t get enough. He pressed himself against Steve until they were pressed together chest to chest and groin to groin. Steve rubbed Billy’s back and Billy nuzzled Steve’s neck.

As Billy laid on top of Steve, he thought they were going to have fuck again as soon as possible. Maybe Billy would buy Steve some silky, lacy socks to wear while they fucked.